Beasoning Given by Americans to International Gatherings - Frenkish Boarders -Demands of the Prefecture of Police. experience meeting at a dinner they took together Paris, Jan. 6 .- Life in a French pension may be all sorts of things. You may be beastly uncomfortable, as the English "paying guests" put it. You may be hungry, dirty, cold. Greenland's icy mountains do pretty well as a standard of cold, but a l'aris pension is a better one. You may be all or none of these, but there is one thing you won't be bore! -especially if you pick out

on international place in the Latin Quarter. If Russia, Greece, Norway, America, England and France are represented at the dinner table an international flavor may be pretty safely countod on. But it's the Americans who act as seasoning. They are generally either the most likable or the most unbearable of the whole company. A Frenchwoman who has been keeping a pension for the last ten years tells strange, true tales of the Americans who have made the decade a lively one for her. I asked her how her American boarders, to call them by their plain Yankee names, compared with persons of other nationalities who said nice things.

"But you must have had some queer characters

She rolled her eyes heavenward, tickled her ears with her shoulders, and delivered a whole address in one word: "Ah!"

Then she described a few specimens of the Americanne indigenus. She has had all sorts. There was one elderly woman who could have given Xantippe cards and spades and have beaten her, hands down. This person's name was not Fitzroy. Therefore we will call her by that name.

Miss Fitzroy dawned upon the unsuspecting pension at the hour of luncheon. She was one of those masterly spirits who cannot brook a difference of opinion in any one else. Consequently, in the course of a discussion, she said to one of the other boarders, who was probably getting the better of the argument:

"Well,' said the top-notch cracksman to the stranger, T don't suppose you're seeking my acquaintanceship for the sake of being introduced into society or for the enjoyment of my winning ways. What's your lay?" "Taisez-rous!" which, being interpreted, means

Happily for the reputation of America, Miss Fitzroys are not frequent, even in Paris pensions, where there is a choice collection of Yankee freaks. However, she was almost equalled by one shivery American, who invariably wors a shawl over her American, who invariably wore a shawl over her head when she went to the table and shivered audibly throughout the meal. Then there was the American woman who insisted on drying the sheets every night in front of her open fire, and who could not be induced to stop it, even after she had burned up one pair.

As for the American gurls who have turned this particular Frenchwoman's hair gray, their name is legion. She goes benevolently about Faris with all the newconers, and every batch has some new shock in reserve for her. There was the bunch of four or five hilanous girls who, by a preconceived arrangement, solemnly and in turn

"I think your hat is just as funny as you think mine is," she remarked in her best French and turned her back on the astonished Frenchman. If the American stranger chances upon an agreeable pension there will always be something interesting going on. The Laun Quarter pensions are more interesting as a general thing heaving the afternoon papers the lurid accounts of how

Lately, the Prefecture of Police has been the bane of existence in the pensions. Verily, they must be hard up for things to do down at the Prefecture, judging from the the way they pester the pensions. The matrices of one pension told me that she had been obliged to ge to the Prefecture fourteen times in the last three months. Owing to the abominable system of slow-or no transit which exists in Paris, each visit cost her an entire afternoon. That made a week which she had devoids to the Prefecture. In addition to this, there were constant visits from the agent of the Prefecture. The Prefect must have a grudge against the Post office, for he scorns to send any message, no matter how trivial, except by the hand of a special messenger. Justimagine what an army of men are kept in employment by this means.

But that is another story, the story of Paris.

But that is another story, the story of Paris.

they asked me my mother's making name name and a violent effort I receiled it. But I was in despart. They il ask me my father's making name next. I said to mixelf in deed carnest, and I can't remember what it is. It was such a relief to me when they didn't ask me.

A pension where there are twelve or fifteen boarders is never dult. The Fuglish grish have afternoon tea in their rooms and some of the other ers drop in Somebady else has chescolare, somebody else mulled wine and cakes, while the Americans have mora resources, in the line of entertainment, them all the rest put together. There is a little gracer in the Buelfrea, who has achieved something magnificent girls of the neighborhoad He has innerted some exclusively. Y ance preductions. He asks boulf you don't want some papears and a puppairs, or some crownbairies. He doesn't mean any respection on papears, the papper, or on his imported cranberries. It's only his way of speaking. You get used to it so that you can see on a menu "mix pais" and know in a minute that it is meant for mince pie.

The introduction of foreigners to popeour is always full of iw. In the first place, if they see the corn already papped, they think it is anneal for mince pie, and are as amazed as if it was the eighth wonder of the world. They take a dozen grains, when it is offered to them, and think it amazing that the probably light rain Monday, clearing in the light; probably light rain Monday, clearing in the light.

and are as amazed as if it was the eighth wonder of the world. They take a dozen grains, when it is offered to them, and think it amazing that they are expected to actuary.

The colate futers is another means by which the American will endears herself to the fellow harders in Paris. But perhaps the futures the futers in the privace the future is an international candy pull, showst everybody save the irrepressible. American being green at the business. A candy pull followed by a ghost paris, with a mixture of harraising takes in various languages, thus is the climax of gayety in the international rension. Sometimes there is denoine, but it is easier to talk in two languages than to dance in them. The international waltz cannot be recommended, it seems to be almost the only infallible means of reducing the American boarders to a condition where, if feminine, they can only gasp and, if measuring, can only say words which are not found in the French-English dictionaries.

For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jerself, parity cloudy to-day, with light rain in the afternoon or night; probably light rain Monday; light south winds, increasing cloudiness and light rain in the afternoon or night; probably fair Monday; light south winds, becoming southwest.

For western New York and western Pennsylvania, for the cloudy to-day, with light rain in the afternoon or night; probably fair from the plants of colours and warmer to-day; increasing cloudiness and light rain in the afternoon or night; probably fair Monday; light south winds, increasing.

For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jerself to dead warmer to-day, increasing cloudiness and light rain in the afternoon or night; probably fair Monday; light south winds, increasing cloudiness and light rain in the afternoon or night; probably fair Monday; light south winds, increasing cloudiness and light rain in the serion light; probably fair for the plants of the probable fair probably fair fair Monday; light south winds, increasing cloudiness and light rain in the fermoon; light south

OUTWITTED A KEEN CROOK. A Bank's Failure and Its Pre-arranged

Robbery. A pair ofveteran detectives one of them among the first half dozen of eminent New York crooktakers, and the other a star of the St. Louis corps of sleuths found themselves holding a sort of

the other evening. "I happened to be in the Jefferson Market court a while back," said the New York detective, "when a seedy, emadated, palsied old man was 'vagged' by the magistrate for begging on the streets. I hadn't seen this man for nearly thirty years, but I thought I recognized him as he stood leaning on the tail in front of the magistrate's desk. and when he stepped back, after getting his thirty-day dose. I spoke to him and found that I wasn't me back to the days when Boss Tweed was 'it' in this town, and when the situation was that police officials had a good deal more intimate knowledge of the doings of professional criminals than they have nowadays. Here's the

story that the old man recalled to me: "One day in the fall of 1870 one of the most finished and successful bank burglars who ever worked a drill in this country-I won't mention his name, for he's still alive, and he took a brace had drifted through her pension. Of course, she | Years ago, after doing his last hit-was walking along Sixth avenue enjoying his parole and the mellow sunshine. There were a whole lot of from the land of the free-to-do-as-you-please." I indictments hanging over him, of course, but on pretty fair terms with some of the men attached to the municipal administration at that time As he swung along he was accosted by a prosperous-looking man whem he did not know, although the prosperous-looking citizen addressed

though the prosperous-looking cluise andreased him by his proper name. The crook took the stranger into a cafe and asked him things.

"In the first place, how did you know me?" he inquired of the stranger.

"Well, it appeared that the burglar had been pointed cut to the stranger by a detective who was so shady that he afterward did time for surreptitiously extending aid and comfort to the enemy—one of the old-time bands of New York crooks.

"Then the stranger up and told him whos his

"Taisez-nous" which, being interpreted, means in plain English. "Shut up:"

Naturally, Miss Fitzroy's popularity was not of a dazzling kind after such an introduction. But, then, Miss Fitzroy hersaif did not find the light at dinner that night sufficiently dazzling, either. Her seat being at the end of the table, she calmly removed the lamp from the middle, planted it in front of her own plate and left the others to eat in semi-derkness. Another time she had left the dinner table before the others, who doubtless were staying in order to discuss the latest freaks of the Fitzroy. History does not repeat, because it doesn't know, what was the matter with Miss Fitzroy's own lamp. Apparently, no one dated to question anything she did. At any rate, she suddenly reappeared in the dining room, seized the lamp, and, without a word, bore it off to her own room, leaving the assembled boarders in utter darkness.

"They appointed another meeting at the same place a couple of days later, and in the meantime the cracksman, whose lacilities were excellent, looked into the job. He found that his man really was the cashier of a prominent un-State bank, in a town not mere than an hour's run from New York. So when the cashier of lied at the appointed time he was ready to talk busness.

"You'll have a hard night's work," said the cashier, "for in order to avert suspicion I'll have to leave the vaults and safe all looked up tighter in drum as usual. You'll need several assistants.

"That's my end of it, replied the cracksman. You just easis those little details up to me. Every man to his trade. They don't make 'em so strong that I can't get into 'em.'

"Then all of the details were arranged, and the robbery was flared for a certain night in the following week. The cashier was especially solicitious that he should get his share of the proceeds of the crib-cracking. The cracksman assured him that if there was \$35,000 in the job \$25,000 would be enough for himself and his assistants, and the cashier would get the rest.

"On the night fixed the cracksman and three of his best men went up to the sown and pulled off the job. It was a matter of four hours before the gang, after overnowering and bucking and gagging the night watchman, got into the main safe. They found it empty. Then they tackled the smaller safes. These, too, were empty. The semiler safes. These, too, were empty. The part of a good thing in a job like that, he said afterward.

bunch of four or five hiadrous grifs who, by a preconceived arrangement, solemnity and in turn
kissed the tram conductor as they got off. There
was another installment of girls who, having in
some way got into the church on the occasion of a
grand funeral, snook hands with all the Ismiy
and even oriered some sympathetic remarks.

Last summer when Faris was overrun with
American girls in broad gray left hats they
found themselves the target of a good many
curious glances. The wonten stared, the street
urchins laughed aloud and the men in front of
the celes remained lost in contemplation as long
as the gray-initied foreigners were in sight. One
of these Frenchmen, wearing the typical high
hat of the boolecardier, met his match, however,
in an American girl. They sat at adjoining
tables infront of the same cale. After submitt n
to a prolonged inspection she suddenly turned
on him.

I think your hat is just as funny as you think

interesting going on. The Laun Quarter pensions are more interesting going on. The Laun Quarter pensions the people you meet there are always be something are more interesting as a general thing, because the people you meet there are always doing something beside wearing out nerves and shoe leather with continuous sight-seeing. They are all studying something either art, or music, or French, or how to live on a dollar a day and see everything in Paris at the same time. In one pension this winter, a young American student put in all his spare time making a French reproduction of the kissing bug—of rubber, whre almays the same time. The pension this winter. He was trying to make enough out of it to enable him to go on with his architectural studies and the whole pension sat up night, helping him.

The prin formality of the average boarding house table is unknown in the Laun Quarter pensions. Everybedy has seen or heard or done something of interest and tells the rest about it. At tuncheon and addinner at least half the boarders seem to be taking at once, then the side is the rest about it. At tuncheon and addinner at least half the boarders seem to be taking at once, then the side is the rest about it.

of the institution. There was snow yesterday in northern New York, northern Pennsylvania. Ohio, Michigan, eastern Minnesota and Wisconsin, and rain in Kentucky; in rain and snow, and was creating unseasonably high temperatures throughout all the Northwest, where warmer here for two or three days.
In this city restarday it was fair and cooler and morning, warmer in the afternoon; lowest tempera-was ture. 24 degrees; wind, north to northeast; average

For western New York and western Pennaylvania, for the Nursery and C i.d's Hospital will take place on Thursday evening. Feb. 1, at the

MALICE NOT IN HIS HEART.

AN ARMY STORY OF HATE AND OF BROINERLY LOVE.

It Began Between an Omcer and a Corporal in the Southwest-Enmity Broughs Bitterness to Both - Friendship and Death Together in the Philippines. A St. Louis detective was talking to some professional associates in this city recently and told this story:

"Quite a stretch of years ago I was soldiering with a doughboy outfit of the regular army down in the Southwest. One of my bunkles-I'll call him Ned Gannon, which is not so far from his real name-had been a mate of mine when we were both kids down on the St. Louis levees, mistaken in his identity. The sight of him took | although we hadn't met again until we ran into each other in the army. Gannon had struck the outfit a couple of years shead of me, and he had the corporal's chevrons when I got there. He was a good man and a good soldier, was this Gannon, but somehow or another he had incurred the enmity of one of the officers of our company, a Second Lieutenant, who had got his shoulder straps via the 'mustang' routs—that is, by promotion from the ranks. We'll just call this Second Lieutenant Neil, which is close enough to his

"This Nell, you may suppose, was a cracker-jack soldier; for dubs don't pass the examination for promotion from the ranks in the Amerthey didn't werry him any, for he happened to be | ican Army. He was a pretty decent officer to the men, besides to all of them, that is to say, except Ned Gannon. He surely did have it in bad for Gannon. I never knew why, and I don't know yet. But the way Nell rubbed it in on Gannon was a holy show. He had Gannon broke to the ranks soon after I joined the outfit for some trivial cause connected with guard duty. Gannon didn't say much, but the line of thinks he must have entertained with regard to the Second Lieutenant occasionally shown out in the blaze in his eyes when they lit upon the shape of the young mustang officer. Two months after he busted him this Second Lieutenant got Gannon into the clink on the charge of neglect of duty while on post as a sentinel. Gannon narrowly escaped a general court-martial on that charge, which was unquestionably trumped up, and the So Ned had to follow around the slop cart every morning, a sentry with a loaded rifle behind him. and flush the sewers of the post, and saw and outhouses, and in general work out his unjust sentence from fatigue call in the gray dawn until late in the afternoon when recall went. He set his jaw pretty hard, and took the game as it hap pened along. When he got out and resumed duty he told me that there was murder in his heart for that Second Lieutentant.

"Til get hunk with him,' he told me with say age quietude, 'if it takes me twenty years to do it. I'll play evens with that one all right.' "Ten days later Gannon was in the guardhouse again, awaiting trial by general court-martial. Neil, the Second Lieutenant, had got Gannon into the orderly room on some pretext or other and grossly insulted him, and Gannon, unable to hold himself in any longer, had opened up on the mustang officer, and would have struck his tormentor had not the top sergeant of the company leaped behind him and pinnoned his arms.

"Gannon got six months hard labor at the hands of the general court-martial, and a bebtail besides—that is, a dishonorable discharge from the service—for it is a pretty serious thing for an enlisted man to be even accused of attempting to strike a commissioned officer.

"Now, here was a case of a good soldier who really got the worst of it at the hands of an officer—a thing that doesn't as a matter of fact, often happen in our service, where justice is the rule. When Gannon's six months in the clink was up he was escorted to the gate by a file of the guard. Neil, the Second Lieutenant, had got Gannon into

when dathon's six mentils in the clink was dry he was executed to the gate by a file of the guard, I gave him a bum suit of civilian's clothes that I had in my box, and we all chipped in and handed him a ten-doller note with which to start life over again. We'd have given him more, but it him a ten-doller noise while an increase over again. We'd have given him more, but it was between pay days.

"I'll get square with that geezer," were the last words Gannon said to me before he was drummed out. Three months later I got a letter from him, dated St. Louis. He announced that he had got on the St. Louis police force.

"Not long after that this Second Lieutenant, Not herean to go to pieces in a canter. He started Not long after that this Second Lieutenant, Nell, began to go to pieces in a canter. He started to jag up, once in a while at first, but, laier on, right regularly. A man can't carry the habite that he has picked up in the ranks into the officeral line. Nell got himself disciplined several times by the heak, otherwise the commanding officer, and he came near to his finish, about a year after Gannon was bobtoiled, for showing up raipably drunk on a day when it was his turn for an officer-of the-day tour. The old man smothered that, however, and gave Neil another chance, along with a finel wigging.

of the-day fout. The old man smothered that, however, and gave hell another chance, along with a finel wigging.

"Two months later Neil went up to the town, forty miles distant, got tanked up for hear, and did all kinds of things, including the duplication of his pay accounts. He got back to the post accounts became known to the old man, and Neil found himself on deck for a general courtmental Having broken into an officer's unitoring from the exhibs, he didn't have any friends to intercede for him at Washington, so the courtmental Having broken into an officer's unitoring martial unomnity cashiered him from the expice in disgrace. I wrote and told Gannon about this, and got a telegram in reply, consisting of one word, besides the signature:

"Hunk. NED."

"Terved out my enlistment and went back home to St. Louis, where Ned Gannon put me next to the way to got onto the police force, and I got on. That's Part I of the story.

"One afternoon, a year ago last April, Ned Gannon was patrolling his beat when he happened up against a drunk. The drunk was a fine-looking man, shabily dressed. He had a book under his arm. He was a book agent. He was ex-lett. Neil, and Gannon recognized him.

"Gannon took Neil to his own home and sobered him up. He got Neil into shape. Why he did it I don't knew. I asked him how it was that he

The man in the dogrant was the cashier who'd been crafty enough to put it all over one of the most accomplished all around crooks in the Western Hemisphere. The failure of the bank hadn't hurt the cashier at all in the estimation of his townsmen. Hank was robbed by cracksmen, y'see, and how could the cashier help it?

"Well, I didn't see that it was up to me to say anything about what the cracksman had told me, although I frequently saw the cashier fiving high in New York after that. I lost track of him after a few years, however, and concluded that he had struck out for the West or somewhere or another with his beautifully-contrived rake down from his bank.

"He was the emactated, paisled old vag I saw in the Jefferson Market court a while back."

Carriages Barred at Believue.

Commissioner of Charities Keiler issued an order vesterday forbidding all vehicles, except ambulances and the regular grocery wagon, from entering the yard at Believue. Hospital Hereafter persons going to Believue in carriages will have to get out at the gate and walk 100 feet in the open air to reach the offices of the institution.

for a man who's known to be a cashiered officer can't get back into the service even as an emisted man. The's the wind-up of Part II., and it's all on the de dievel, at that.

"Well, I get hold of a paper on the cars whill making a tip a few months back, and read an account of the fighting before Maioles, then Aguinaldo's capital. In the list of the killed among the men of that Kansas outfit were Gannon's name and Neil's fictious name. Well, when Ned Gannon stood to attention and answered to his name and number on the other side of the

to his name and number on the other side of the Great Divide, I'll bet he got a white mark for act bearing malice." Amugements.

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Sat. Mat., Jan. 20, at 2, LOHENGRIN. Mmes. Nordica and Schumann-Heink; MM. Van Dyck. Bertram
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Thurs. Evg., Jan. 18, at 8:15.
Programmer
BRAHMS. Trarie Overture; MoZARI, SEXTH- Aria from "Titus,"

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Madame Gadski Explanatory Recital

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